

THE PARALLEL
MIRRORS OF
THE GENESIS



PHILOSOPHICAL
POEMS

SORIN CERIN

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2017

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**Critical appreciations about the
poetry of meditation**

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading *Avant la lettre*, under the title *Between reflection and attitude*, appeared in the magazine *Familia* nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the *Non-sense of the Existence*, from here the poems "of meditation".

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One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether

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biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

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pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing

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(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

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So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

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PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârnelci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârnelci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârnelci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated

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rationality, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

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And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another

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topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

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The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

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born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb
without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, /
... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true
Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks
of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage
of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense,
nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and
more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation
contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in
words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the
"word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as
and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as
the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is
forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically
collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of
certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of
Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool
of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words
lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of
brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual,
grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of
the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of
meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the
originality resentful word combinations, which give free

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course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

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It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

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Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

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The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicallness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

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to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

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audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of

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creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

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has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word " .

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

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Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

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to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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No Heart of asphalt
will not be able to love more,
than the wheels of the Souls,
of some Engines,
which roll over her,
which do not even know,
how much Fuel of Love, still have,
shouting in the Night,
with the headlights kindled of the Dreams,
believing that they chose,
the correct indicators of blood circulation,
among the veins of Destinies always in Jams,
among the Moments,
which die on the screens of the accelerators of Ideas,
illuminated enough,
but in no way,
of Divine Light,
of the Meeting,

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on which we expect her,
alongside the Future,
which I invited him to the wedding,
of the exhaust Pipes of the Words,
which began to pollute, bitterly,
smelling of Illusions of Happiness,
which have believed in the Eternity,
from the Cemetery of the spare parts,
of the Absolute Truth.

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2. To ever understand the Destiny

The glances of paper,
crumpled and thrown,
to the trash can of a Truth,
to which likes so much the cleanliness,
that he gathers all the remnants of the Answers,
which have not been tasted yet,
by the Feelings,
lost and sad,
of on the street of the Questions,
from which Nobody has no longer succeeded,
to ever understand,
the Destiny.

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3. The World on which we believed it

Crowns of broken wings,
brought to the Cemetery of the Word of Love,
for to fly into the World of Beyond,
of the Forgetfulness,
of, ourselves,
where we hope,
that we will no longer meet the Loneliness,
on which the Destiny, has delivered it to us,
in the Fair of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
our,
where for one gram of Happiness,
we have paid us with the entire Existence,
the World
on which we believed it,
to be ours.

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4. One by one

Do not try to break,
the Days,
dividing them in good and bad,
and then to you chop them as small as possible,
one by one,
until no longer remains Nothing from the Past,
for to use them,
in the soup of the Destiny,
as ingredients,
which have soured us the Illusion of the Life,
and of the Death,
too liar of sweet,
then when he promises us,
that we will be the Star of the Immortality,
which illuminates us,
the Paradise of the Inferno of this World.

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5. The flight toward Heights, of the Dreams

The branches, of sky,
defies the Clouds of the Destiny,
knocking in the Windows without Luck,
of the Illusions of the Happiness,
until they break them,
in an Endless, of Shards,
of the Hourglass of the Time,
in which we cut our veins,
of the Free Will,
leaving him to bleed,
on the cold and inert slab,
of the Word of Love,
under whose wings,
we thought we have found us,
the flight toward Heights,
of the Dreams.

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6. In the lungs of a Time

Walls of Remembrances,
they stop the Torrents of the Freedom,
which want to overflow,
on the deserted streets of the Present,
as they to wash them,
by the Dust of the Moments,
placed,
in the lungs of a Time,
lost and sick,
by the love of a God,
of the Love,
of the Nobody,
on which no longer seeks Him,
none of the Holy Fathers,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
on which we have eternally,
in the wax Icons,
of the Candles,
of our souls,

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which still flicker,
after the rusty truth,
of to become again,
the Sacred Fire,
on which we have extinguished it,
without wanting,
then when we believed,
that we can create us, alone,
the World.

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7. The Freedom of the Hope

I opened wide,
the arms of the Horizon handcuffed,
in his own self-fleeing,
then when I wanted to comprise,
the Word of the Walls,
on which I tried to escalate them,
to conquer the citadel of the Time,
in which I hoped to find you,
knowing that you are imprisoned,
of the same Loneliness,
the Illusions of the Life, Happiness and Death,
and hidden behind the lattice of the Uncertainties,
on which you have recently painted them,
in the most appealing colors,
for as the rays of the Questions,
to look in them,
as in some Parallel Mirrors,
whose Answers,
are lost in the Infinite of a Freedom,
of the Hope.

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8. The Luck of a Bad luck

Waves of sweat,
they hit, the shores of the foreheads of some Days,
which slides slowly, but surely,
through the knotted necks of some Hourglasses,
broken by Memories,
what can barely swallow,
all the sand of the Moments that compose them,
the Mortar of the Feelings,
poured at the basis of some Promises,
what should to support,
the whole construction of the Love,
if it had not been grinded,
under the banality of the Time of Lead,
from which he made its horseshoes,
the Luck, of a Bad luck.

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9. The coals of the Deceptions

How many times,
I did not scratch the slabs of graves,
in which we have buried us the Words,
of the Windows of Heaven of the Happiness,
incarnate in the Dust of the Forgetfulness,
on which we dig it,
with the nails of the Hope,
until it gushes,
hot and troubled,
the blood of some Sunsets,
whose hair,
we would have wanted to pull it,
from the top of the Heart,
which beat deaf and hard,
after the lost Feelings,
of the extinguished Eyes,
on the coals of the Deceptions,
what they have maintained,
the Embers of a Love,
until they have cooled,
freezing in the furnaces of the Souls.

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10. The addresses of our Destinies

The remnants of Dreams,
colored in the Rainbow of the Walls,
which close us the Souls,
it arcing on the Heaven of a World,
whose Illusions,
they will not really belong,
Never,
to the Happiness,
on which they abandoned her,
in the train of the Vanity,
which has painted it,
in the sad shades of the Absurd,
for to be put to begging,
on the dark and unnamed streets,
of the Suffering,
where are displayed us also the addresses,
of our Destinies.

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11. Shouted by the Silences, deaf

I listen the Night,
it left over the distances,
from thee thyself,
how knock down the Light Years,
of the Soul,
handcuffing him in the mantle of the Indifference,
as to guard him from the cold,
of the Words insalubrious,
shouted by the Silences, deaf,
of some Feelings,
which can not accept,
that they have lost the address of your Heart,
forever.

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12. Hearts of Absurd Dreams

I would not have thought,
that the Heaven of the Words,
will collapse,
over the Dust,
which has embodied us the Destiny,
kneading a dough of the Despondency
baked in the ovens of the Vanity,
for to feed us the dirty Moments,
by the flour of a Past,
grinded at the Mill of the Vanity,
whose bread of Tears,
we eat it and today,
slicing it the Memories,
with the sharp edges of the Days,
who have cut us off,
the bleeding fingers of the Sunsets,
transformed into Hearts of Absurd Dreams.

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13. The Heaven of the Truth

Teach me, Lord,
to I drink your Holy Water of the Illusion of the Happiness,
until the end of the glass of the Suffering,
of this World of the Compromises,
between Souls and Incarnations,
through which we are obligated,
to give voice to the Dust,
on the wheels of the Time, potter,
which revolves us until we dizzy,
on the carousel of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
from which we can not descend,
than on the steps of the Cemeteries of Words,
on which we climb them,
believing that we will touch,
the Heaven of the Truth,
but we receive instead,
so much Death,
so that we can no longer carry her,
on the steps of the Eternity,
which has Created us,
thus entering into an Eternity,
more Lonely, than it was,
before we are born.

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14. Meaning and Misunderstood

God has put us in the hand,
the Picker of the Illusions of the World,
telling us, to we break with this,
the rocks of the Existence,
who guard the Desert of the Suffering,
until we will find,
the beneficent Water,
of the Absolute Truth,
which continues to hide,
through the underground depths of the Misunderstood,
on which we were educated to bypass Him,
being part of the Original Sins,
from the bricks of which,
we are not allowed to build us,
the Fountain of the Freedom ,
which could wash us,
by, the Lie of the Creation,
whose only Meaning,
is the Illusion of the Life,
reported to the Ilusion of the Death.

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15. We have painted us the Icon of the Eternity

I was so much Truth,
that even the Illusions of the World,
they took a step back,
when the Eternity of the Moment,
has begun to shine us,
in the Hearts of the boundless Horizons,
of the Love,
from which we have painted us the Icon of the Eternity,
to which to we worship,
every time,
when we will enter,
in the cathedral of our Souls,
guarded by the Angels of the Feelings,
which have lit us the Star of the Immortality,
on the vault of a Universe,
of thye Divine Light,
on whose wings,
we will always fly,
towards infinite distances,
which they will get us closer,
of ourselves.

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**16. The drug withdrawal of the Illusions of the
Life, Happiness and Death**

The prisons of Vices,
of the Time,
have rusted so much,
through decomposed Souls,
by the existential Absurd,
that they reached,
to no longer allow,
at nor a chance,
to it pass them anymore the threshold
without to pay
enough much Death,
for each glass,
by the elixir of the Vanity,
which will protect them from the drug Withdrawal,
of the Illusions of the Life, Happiness and Death,
from the World of the Original Sins,
obligatory,
for every Being,
caught in the trap of the Awareness,
of this Existence.

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17. All that can mean Truth

The wanderings of the Existence,
they gave birth to the Destinies,
which decorate us the Time,
of the Illusions of a World,
whose Vanity is hidden,
behind the warm colors of the Sense,
which evolves toward the peaks of the Life,
from which the Death will extract,
all that can mean Truth,
even and if this defines a Lie,
from whose wings to we create us the Religions,
on which we will put them,
on the foreheads of some Words, of Lead,
through the Wrinkles of which,
to drain the beneficent sweat,
of the Original Sins,
which to show to the God, stranger by us,
how much we work,
for Happiness.

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18. Love or Death

How much Paradise,
may be in the Inferno,
of the Consciousness,
God's,
that he accepted,
to we Know,
the Existence,
and implicitly on Him,
even if we are wandering,
on the Ocean of the Illusions of the Happiness and
Suffering,
our entire Illusion of the Life and Death,
of which we will not be able to separate us,
than through Love,
or Death.

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19. A Destiny of the Vanity

How many times did I not write to you,
on the slab of the tomb,
of the Word of Love,
in which we were buried,
by a Destiny of the Vanity,
on which no Flower of Longing,
placed at our head,
it will not be able to banish him,
from the existential Absurd,
of a World,
on which none,
we would not have wanted it this way,
even if it was a miracle,
to we be born,
for the meeting with Death.

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20. Nor, even then

I drew,
on the asphalt of the Wilderness,
from the Heart of the Heaven,
burdened by the Sunsets,
the Blood hotheaded
of a God of the Love,
on which,
we will not really know Him,
Never,
nor, even then,
when we will undress us,
by all the Illusions of the Existence,
for to rebirth in the Eternity,
on which today,
we see it, as being Death,
same of naked,
as we were born.

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21. We will exist

Are the stairs of the steps,
of the Divine Light,
on which you want to climb them,
until you will be above,
of the whole Universe,
of the Word of Love,
from which God has kneaded the World,
which has no longer wanted,
to understand Him,
after that,
because has no longer felt,
enough of loved,
by, its own Destiny,
who was fated,
at the Wedding of the Illusions of the Happiness and
Suffering,
with the Illusions of the Life and Death,
where and our History would have participated,
without knowing that somewhere- sometime,
in a Future,
of the Nobody,
we will exist.

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22. The Immortality, thirsty

We flow through the riverbeds of the Illusions,
for to reach,
in an Ocean of the Darkness,
from which the Immortality, thirsty,
it will drink us the hot Blood,
of the Sacred Fire,
which will light up,
the Eternity of the Divine Light,
warming up her cold Steps,
of so much Loneliness,
which they will become,
a Heart of the Absolute Truth,
what will beat for us,
the exact Time,
of the Love.

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23. A World of the compromises

The herds, of Moments,
they eat the grass of the Illusions of the Life,
for to give as much Meat of Absurd as possible,
to the slaughterhouses of the Vanity,
of a World,
of the compromises,
between fatality and justice,
love and hate,
curse and help,
happiness and suffering,
which each time, they intersect,
with Death,
the only one which, she can never do,
nor a Compromise.

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24. To we wander alongside Existence

The walls shriveled of the Destiny,
they collapsed,
in, the clogged hourglass, of the Time,
remembering itself,
by the Moments that scratched them,
with the nails incarnate of the Souls,
which could not understand,
how of Tears of the Sacred Fire,
of the Love,
have lit the Divine Light,
from the lost Steps of the Darkness,
in which we were abandoned,
to we wander,
alongside Existence,
through the Illusions that dress us,
the Future,
of the Nobody.

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25. The Supreme Intelligence

We need Holidays,
because we have to be the winners,
who have managed to celebrate,
own Illusion of Life,
which brings them closer to the Death Illusion,
with each Eternity of Moment,
which is lost in the abyss without boundaries,
of the Vanity,
which was given to us,
to see it,
in all its greatness,
through the opaque glasses,
of the Existence,
about which we are aware,
through a Supreme Intelligence,
which let us to know,
just what is Allowed us,
nothing more.

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26. Agony and Absurd

The lattice, of Fire,
they burn us the Moments,
wasting them,
at the soles of some Illusions,
where we play every time,
the perfidious Role of the Suffering,
without being able to express ourselves,
and through other characters,
such as those,
which overpower its own Death,
even if they are lost,
on the alleys of the Cemeteries of Words,
silent and cold,
which no longer inspires anything else,
than,
Agony and Absurd.

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27. Trying we to drown us

Then when the Phrases,
they will become,
the nervures of the rusty leaves,
of the Memory,
when the bloody Dawn ,
will write on the foreheads of the Horizons,
how much is to them the Longing,
by, the Eyes of Heaven,
of our Angels,
when the Day of Hopes,
will no longer succeed to defeat,
the Night of the Regrets,
from which the Time,
he will interweave his ropes of Eternity,
with which it to bind us the Loneliness,
to you know that we will us be lost in Death,
trying we to drown us in her Waters,
as being the only rescue.

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28. At the Ball of the Death

Hopes of Lead,
fall over the Steps of the Evolution,
made by a distrustful God,
in his own Chances,
when the Supreme Intelligence,
it narrates its Illusions,
over the World,
which has the makeup and hairdressing,
made by these,
to show as well as possible,
at the Ball of the Death
to whom we owe,
Everything.

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29. The dice of the Absolute Truth

Walls falsified in boundless Horizons,
stolen from the chamber of the God of Love,
are sold expensive,
to the Illusions of the Life and Death,
what will them serve in their turn,
to the Churches of Words,
of the World,
of the Original Sins,
which we were given,
for to move us the Hopes,
on the chess board of the Vanity,
where the dice of the Absolute Truth,
they will never be thrown,
for the fear that they could defeat,
the Freedom.

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30. The Phantom of the Word of Love

It seemed to me that,
I would have seen,
the Phantom of the Word of Love,
which gave birth to us,
a whole World,
only ours,
where we sometimes hid us,
in its only Star of the Immortality,
hung on the walls of the Cathedral,
of our Souls,
where we enter every time,
to find us the Eternal Past,
of the Moment,
which encountered us, the Steps,
what, they wandered,
among the weeds of the Illusions of the Existence,
which did not have allowed us,
to we pass further
of ourselves.

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31. To escape on the Realm of the Sacred Fire

We lit us the candles of the Dreams,
at the graves of some Commas,
after which it has no longer followed Nothing,
which to illuminate us the Path,
toward the Eternity from ourselves,
on whose wings we were flying,
beyond the Times and Spaces,
with which the Destiny has handcuffed us,
the Love,
what it would want to escape,
on the Realm of the Sacred Fire,
on whose embers,
to burn its Moments,
the entire Past,
the entire Passing,
for to remain only with the Eternity,
from the Eyes of our Universe.

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32. What we are looking for, there?

I'm the Storm,
which has drowned you the Days,
from which he did his Talisman,
the Luck,
of a Horseshoe,
of the Regrets of a Memory,
thrown on the side of the road,
of a Destiny,
where Nobody, did not find it anymore,
Never,
among the dense herbs of Moments,
on which has no longer mowed them, nor a Remorse,
since when we have remained,
Vagabonds,
without the Roof,
of the Cathedral of the Soul ,
of our Destiny,
at the Icon of which,
we could somewhere- sometime,
to shelter us,
without as a Star of the Eternity,
to ask us,
what we are looking for,
there?

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33. The hidden Angel of Love

I will miss of you, Happiness,
then when the Traces of the Eternity,
of the hidden Angel of Love,
will show us,
that he has trampled the Dust,
in which we have incarnated us the Love,
without we ever knowing,
that he would have left us,
some News,
from which we to understand,
that its Angels,
would have written us an epistle,
through which to we know,
how much,
we can move the Time from place,
to catch the Eternity of the Moment,

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sailing,
on the Blood of the Eternity,
on whose waves,
we are wandering even today,
desiring the Salvation,
by the Original Sins,
of a God,
which has never been,
our.

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34. On the top floor of a Destiny

It was raining so hard,
with the Kisses of the Dust from us,
that the whole Time of the ancient times,
it seemed to sink,
in the labyrinths of Clouds of the Words,
which have washed us,
by the mud of the Creation,
this World of the Illusions,
letting, it to flood us,
the Divine Light of the Happiness,
even if we did not know from where it arrived,
through the stations frozen by the Illusions of the Life,
of the Time which has piled us,
on the top floor of a Destiny,
which can no longer descend, never,
in the case of Spiritual Earthquake,
or Fire,

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then when,
the Eternities of the Moments would take Fire,
from the heated Blood of the Sunrises,
which no longer want to wait,
the Kiss of the Illusions of the Death,
what promised us that it gives us back,
the Freedom,
of to become an Eternity.

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35. On Nothing

Even then,
when I waited,
the bricks of the Existence,
on which to I use them,
to the construction of the Cathedral of your Smile,
I knew that the God,
can not deliver us ahead of schedule,
the Illusions of the Life, of the Suffering,
of the Happiness and Death,
than after the fulfillment,
of a Time of the Vanity,
from which all the Defective Genes of the World,
to be able to confront
at the Ball of the Non-Sense of the Existence ,
where the Time, spends,
the Eternities of the Moments,
on Nothing.

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**36. The Words of the Creation have become the
Morgues of Dreams**

The trunks of Eternities,
carried on the Water of the Death,
by the raftsmen of the Destinies,
who steals us,
with each Eternity of Moment,
the roots of their own Wanderings,
of an Existence,
which can not show us the Absolute Truth,
about her,
or the God who made it,
knowing that is being stolen from us, the Knowledge,
which was allowed to see,
without the magical spectacles of the Illusions,
which shows us,
a World so different from Love,
that,

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the Words of the Creation have become,
the Morgues of Dreams,
from which we are obligated to take out, Daily,
the Bodies of the Meanings,
to bury them,
in the Cathedrals of our Souls,
the increasingly overcrowded.

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37. The Division of the Infinite in Space and Time

How much Eternity,
have wasted, the Moments,
then when they wanted,
they to fulfill their, the Dreams of the Creation,
in the arms of a Destiny,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
from which neither God, has not succeeded,
to lead to the End of a new Beginning,
the Creation of a World of the Compromises,
from which we can each,
we to cut a slice of Time,
on which we to anoint it with Oblivion,
before biting from her Eternity,
believing that only such will we become,
a Star that will never fall,
from the Curse of some Original Sins,
on which I found out,
that Nobody, would have not pronounced him,
Never,

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besides another God,
on which it would have created him,
the Division of the Infinite in Space and Time,
of before we are born,
but which now,
is more foreigner to us,
than the Subconscious Stranger of the Absolute Truth,
from the Genes of our Past.

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38. It realized how much has wrong

Build me the Eternity,
in the Divine Light,
from the Necklace of the Window of Sky ,
on which we open it at every Sunrise,
without wanting,
knowing,
that it was broken,
by the stones of the Moments,
thrown by the Time,
full of venom,
which bit us,
the Age, of the Illusions of the Happiness,
not knowing that we must keep him tied,
in the Chains of the Forgetfulness,
on which we have left them,
at the reach of the Prides and Indifference,
from which the Loneliness has made its Walls,
of Tears,
then when it realized,
how much has wrong.

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39. From the Cemetery of the Word of Love

Lost,
among the waves of the Broken Souls,
I tried,
to I float on the Smiles of some Hearts,
which have managed to stay at the surface,
then when they passed,
through the traffic jams of the Illusions of the Life,
who drowned me,
whenever I tried to cling me,
by one Moment,
lost by, its own Time,
what has kept its Virginity of the Eternity,
hidden by incarnated Muds,
as was the Time, that gave birth to me,
for to build,
the Walls of Dust of the Death,
from the Cemetery of the Word of Love,
through which the God of the Nobody,
he would have built us, the World.

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40. It passed on beside us

How sharp,
to have been the steps,
of the Creation of a God,
which have sliced us the Destinies,
in so unequal portions,
for the Illusions of this World,
that we have come,
to feed us,
with several slices,
of Death and Suffering,
than of Life and Happiness,
through the Cemeteries of Dreams,
where we bury us daily,
one Eternity of Moment,
which not even,
we will not know, ever,
that it passed on beside us.

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41. For the Dreams of the Days

Scattered,
on the deserted streets of the Times,
we dig, in the Dust of the Time,
tombs as deep as possible,
for the Dreams of the Days,
always lost through the darkness,
of some zodiac Signs,
which, they can not to change,
the tablecloths, shabby
of the Suffering,
which, they feed us,
the Destinies,
because they do not have enough,
exchange coins,
to be able to persuade the Eternity,
with the glow of the Hopes,
which wither,
at the soles of a God,
indifferent and hostile,
created by the Prides and Repressions,
of the Life,
which is defeated,
every time,
of Death.

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42. Passing in Death

Scattered,
among crumbs of Moments,
we seek the Eternity of the Star of the Destiny,
but, then,
when we see her falling,
we understand,
how ephemeral we are,
on the forehead of a World,
full of the sweat of the Days,
of a Time,
unconscious of his own Existence,
which does not consist in Passing,
but in Death.

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43. Ineffable existential

With each Step,
we tread us the Life, in the feet of the Existence,
pointing us toward Death,
no matter how stray, we could be,
under the vault of a Destiny,
of the Nobody,
hanged,
by the existential Ineffable of the Immortality,
for to hide,
in the Cemetery of a Word,
which has created,
somewhere sometime,
a World,
whose Mirroring,
is our Knowledge.

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44. On the chest of the Destiny

We are built from the gates,
which close or open us,
the buttons of the Days,
whose Horoscopes of Questions,
they take tithe every time,
of the Truth,
closing it in the pocket of a Hope,
over which we pull the zip of the Thoughts,
lest we lose her,
on the road toward the Death,
which awaits us, equally benevolent,
no matter how many mistakes,
we would be gather,
for to tattoo them,
on the chest of the Destiny.

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45. Under the bridges of the Past

Life is the curb,
which delimits the road toward Death,
for the fear to not come by chance the Destiny,
and he to break the Parallel Mirrors of the Illusions,
in whose shards to be cut
the Cemeteries of Words,
which they warm us,
the Time,
which is elapsing quietly,
under the bridges of the Past,
which grinds us,
the Existence,
at the Slaughterhouse of the Moments.

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46. On the hot ice

No matter how, we will pull,
by the Oars of the Time,
we will not be able to face,
the Water of the Illusions of the Death,
without drowning us,
in our own Destiny,
which delivers us,
to the Existential Nonsense,
totally uninterested,
by, the Horizons of the Dreams,
on which we would have tried,
we to encompass them ever,
by skating on the hot ice,
of the Word of Love.

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47. Then when it's raining torrential

Roots of Dreams,
tortured,
by the black and impersonal asphalt,
of the Thoughts,
over which they spin,
the heavy and indifferent wheels,
of the Days,
which transport the Time,
toward the Cemeteries of Remembrances,
which have clothed us the Destinies,
with the pathos and verve,
of some Hopes,
to the soles of which we prayed,
to we pass beyond ourselves,
I do not know how many times,
then when it's raining torrential,
with Depressions, Regrets and Remorses.

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48. We mirror us deformed

Sordid roads,
gnawed by the steps of the Memories,
they go silent and sad,
leading the Absurd of the World,
guarded by the Illusions of the Life and Death,
toward the Non-sense of the Existence,
which was destined us,
by the Supreme Intelligence,
of a God,
on which we will not see Him, or, understand,
Never,
because has nothing in common with us,
not being, built,
after the face and likeness of someone,
being above,
of the Parallel Mirrors of Everything,
in which we mirror us deformed,
we too.

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49. Gift from the Death

I opened wide the doors,
of the Cathedral of the Soul,
at all the Angels of the Eternities of the Moment,
who have showed us,
how of, Eternal can be the Love,
the only Truth,
which is not distorted to us,
by the Mirrors of the Illusions of the Existence,
what has embraced us the Destiny,
in whose Blood,
we are wandering today,
looking us for a Shore,
on the Star of the Immortality,
which we received it, in gift,
from the Death,
due to which,
we live.

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50. Through the stellar dust of the Destiny

We were born,
burgeoning on the branches,
of the Tree of the Knowledge of Illusions,
of this Existence,
in which we began to build us, the House of the Life,
decisively helped by the Death
which gave us,
all construction materials,
of which we needed,
indebting us, beyond measure, at her,
because she has demanded us the interests rate,
on which we will never pay them,
until one day,
when we wanted to go out,
from the Night of the Thoughts,
which have cut us the Moments,
for the Slaughterhouses of the Time,
to which the Illusion of the Death was fed,

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and we started running,
through the stellar dust of the Destiny,
on which I embraced him,
we kissing us,
not knowing that we had actually met the Love,
whose Divine Light,
has banished us, forever,
the Darkness.

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51. The Dark Abysses of the Unhappiness

Then when God,
he turned, the Pages of the Nothingness,
for to write the epepee of the Creation,
he wore Glasses so Opaque,
that he had forgotten,
by the beneficial rays,
of the Divine Light,
which, she illuminated his Conscience,
building us a Destiny,
inspired,
from the Dark Abysses of the Unhappiness,
in which they collapsed unceasingly
the Dreams of the God,
until he discover the Word of Love.

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52. The Values of the Non-Values

We are born for to fall always,
in the arms of the decadence, by ourselves,
predestinated for the Illusions of the Existence,
where the Life and Death,
keep the poster head,
of the Motivational and Spiritual Landmarks,
among which must,
to sneak us the Cemeteries of the Words,
in a giant slalom of the Imposture,
of the Humility and Servility,
compared to the Values of the Non-Values,
on which the Mirrors of the Knowledge,
they obligate us to accept them,
no matter how deformed would be their image,
reflected in the Absolute Truth.

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53. Never Nothing more

I vibrate next to the Star of the Truth,
on which I can not perceive it,
due to the Illusions of the Existence,
what they cover to me, the Glance,
with the distorted veil of the Knowledge,
which allows me to observe,
just what does a certain Intelligence of the Universe want,
Never,
Nothing, more,
even if,
I go blindly on the road of my own Destiny,
I can hit me,
anywhere and anytime,
by the Death,
to whom we have been programmed to indebted us,
for Life.

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54. The Parallel Mirrors of the Genesis

Absurd and abstract calculations,
they want to control us even the Love,
being conscious,
that only she is the only deck,
toward the Absolute Truth,
which, once acknowledged
will give us a totally different World,
than the one we are compelled to perceive it,
by the beneficiary of a Great Cosmic Mistaken,
lost in our Defective Genes,
but which is not,
the God of the Great Universal Contemplation,
but, an Event,
through which and for which,
the Absolute Truth must to be report,
at Something,
for to Exist,

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that Something,
is the False or the Lie,
Moment,
in which were broken,
the Parallel Mirrors of the Genesis,
from whose shards the Time was born,
when the Spaces were cut,
trampling on them.

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55. The Thirst for to Be

Borders of Passions,
possessed by perverse Consciousnesses,
they wander, through the Blood of the Sunsets of the
Existence,
imbibed with the Defective Genes of the Creation,
from which we appease us,
the Thirst for to Be,
the ones on which the existential illnesses,
of the Illusions,
they never avoid them,
especially then,
when the epidemics of the Cemeteries of Words,
they invade us,
through the biological clocks,
of the Death.

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56. We will receive in the gift other Original Sins

Slices of Dreams,
cut in the Slaughterhouses of the Hopes,
are sold as expensive as possible,
to the Consciousnesses that have gathered wealth,
from the perverse calculations of the Event,
of the Universal Intelligence,
which has damaged us the Genes,
for to look,
only,
through the Glasses of the Illusions of the Existence,
whose existential diopters,
we are not allowed to change them,
otherwise we will receive in the gift,
other and other,
Original Sins.

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57. To Be on her realm

New varieties of Consciousnesses,
are added to the species already known,
of the Original Sins,
protected by the Divine Law,
of some Religions,
of the Sacrifices,
the only ones which receive us,
with the arms of the Cemeteries of Words open,
at the meeting with Death,
on which we would have wanted to deceive her,
if it had not existed,
the duty of to Be,
on her realm,
with which we feed us the whole Life,
ever since birth.

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58. The whole Duty of to Exist

The keys of the Consciousnesses,
barely can move from place,
the massive and rusty padlocks of the Thoughts,
which keep us locked up,
behind the lattice of the Illusions of the Existence,
until we will pay,
the whole Duty of to Exist,
to the Absolute Truth,
which shines through us,
through the Darknesses Illuminated by the Divine Light,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
giving us instead,
the Original Sins of the Event,
which has damaged us the Genes.

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59. Accompanied by the Illusions of the Existence

Dawn of Divine Light,
of the Universal Genesis,
were born only when the God,
in His Great Loneliness,
about which he became aware,
he has created the Word of Love,
which gave birth to all the Universes of the Eternity,
illuminating them with Happiness and Destiny,
until,
all these had to be report to Something,
totally Opposed,
and thus, we appeared,
accompanied by the Illusions of the Existence.

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60. The Anguish and Absurd

Without Mistake,
the World would be a clam,
without shell,
through which,
it would no, longer heard, never,
the whistle of the Breezes of a Time,
which refreshes us the Conscience,
with the Illusions of the Happiness and Suffering,
for to live us the Existence,
at the highest odds,
of the Vanity,
from which we to do us,
whole Cathedrals of Concepts,
between the walls of which,
to pray the Anguish and Absurd.

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61. Someone Has Mistaken Intentionally

I crossed,
on the Zebra of the Consciousness,
the Illusions of the Existence,
trampling on the Life or on the Death,
until,
I understood,
that the frontier between Suffering and Happiness,
is drawn,
by the Cemetery of the Word, Knowledge,
depending on the number of killed Moments,
for a Goal,
of, which and God,
has got rid of it,
then when he learned,
that Someone Has Mistaken Intentionally,
the Genetic Arrangement,
of our Universe. .

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62. The Wilderness from us

I never had,
a shadoof,
at the Fountain of the Existence,
like this,
where sleeps the eternal sleep,
the Destiny,
which inclines,
the eternal leaves,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
toward an Absolute Truth,
which never belonged,
to an Existence,
from which Nobody,
has never done himself,
face carved,
from the Word of the Creation,
of a World,
which has never been,
of the Wilderness from us.

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63. At the Table of the Silence of some Hopes

I met,
at the Table of the Silence of some Hopes,
a Time,
on which Nobody, had not invited him to eat,
a small portion,
from the Moments of a Destiny,
on which nor a Conscience, has not asked him,
how many Lives or Deaths, has destroyed,
then when his Heart collapsed,
over the Flight of a Day,
that would not have belonged to us, Never,
no matter how many Existences,
we would have had, to live,
in a Reincarnation,
of the Vanity,
of this World.

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64. From the Promises of a God

So Alone,
would have died the Eternity of the Moment,
where we met us the Existence,
that nor a Moment,
of the Eternity of the Spaces,
from the Promises of a God,
of the Consciousness,
would not be succeeded to pass,
across the Ocean of the Hopes,
whose Dreams,
would have succeeded to give birth to us,
a new World,
of the Divine Light,
on which we to drink her,
to the table of the Immortality.

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65. Roofs of Ideas

I do not think we will ever succeed,
to number us
all the Thorns that have hurt us the Consciousness,
without we to know us,
the God of the Stranger from us,
who has planted ,
in the defective Blood,
of the Compromised Genes,
from which we have built us,
Roofs of Ideas,
which to defend us,
by the Existential Storms,
of an Illusion of the Death,
and of the Life,
to whom we owe them each time,
a whole Life,
of the Vanity.

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66. Was looking for with fervor

If Someone,
would dare,
it to number us the Spaces of the Loneliness,
surely,
we would demand, as the Time,
to chase him,
off the Property,
of our own Illusions of the Death,
from which we have created to us,
Truth and Destiny,
without we ever understand,
how much God,
has longer remained undiscovered,
by the Steps of the Eternity,
on which was looking for them with fervor, to us
the Existence,
for to kill them.

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67. The Spaces of wasted Words

When we sowed,
the Defective Genes of the Illusions,
we did not understand,
how many Meanings,
they will rummage,
with the claws of the Existence,
of a decomposed World,
through the graves of Words,
whose Cemeteries of Meanings,
they will bend,
toward the Coffins of the Loves,
which have lost their Sense,
for which,
the Windows of Heaven of the Destinies,
they it will open,
then when I will beat at the Immortality,
of the Spaces of wasted Words
their's.

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68. So hard earned

How many times,
I searched among the Illusions of the Existence,
the Flame of the Sacred Fire,
of the Absolute Truth,
I burned my Hopes,
being conscious,
that I will not be able to approach,
never more,
of, the God of an Existence,
whose Stranger,
of the Subconscious of the Absolute Truth ,
will never succeed in making Peace,
with the Vanity of a World,
on which Nobody,
did not invite her,
at the Dance of the Time,
without paying,
the coins to the Illusions of the Death,
so hard earned,
by,
her own Destiny.

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69. Over the Past of the Moment

It's raining with splashes of Remembrance,
from our own Destiny,
over the Past of the Moment,
which met us,
the Death,
of the Illusions of an Existence,
from which the Word of the Truth,
has created his, a Love,
of the Immortality,
on which we have framed it,
in an Icon of a Longing,
of, which, we could not separate us,
not even then,
when the Cemeteries of the Moments,
in which we buried us the Past,
have become the Future.

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70. The World of the Baseness

Do not cut to me, Lord,
the Knees of the Clouds,
which rains me,
with the Water of the Illusions of the Life,
what washed my face,
of the Destiny,
incarnated in the Dust of the Dreams,
from which I have created for you,
the Eternity
of the Star, on which,
I did not let her to fall for you,
in the lap of the Steps of the Time,
paltry and ferocious,
conceived to devour,
the Eternities of the Moments,
which have been given to us to the Births
our,
regardless of whether they were frozen,
in the Snow of the Compromises,
or in the Illusions of the Existence,
which has vomited them,
to the unwashed soles,
of this World of the Baseness.

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71. Than a simple Train Station

The Death has become,
the option of the Love,
in the World of the Vanity,
where the Existence has forgotten,
to express its happiness,
of to live us,
the Illusions given from Abundance,
by the Destiny of the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
which never leaves us,
we to escape in the Blood of the Defective Genes,
which drowns us the Future,
but, only outside him,
beyond ourselves,
where we no longer must,
than to we fly above our own Death,
which is nothing else,
than a simple Train Station,
in an Infinite of Spaces and Times,
of many other train stations,
on which we will not be able to count them,
Never.

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72. A Religion of the Luck

I burned after the Eternity of the Glance,
of the God,
on which I have conceived him,
after your image and likeness,
at whose Icons I prayed,
to I can meet the Saints of your desires,
which have become to me,
a Religion of the Luck,
of a Happening,
from which I would have wanted to build for me,
the entire Cathedral of the Word of Love,
where to retrieve us each time,
when our Souls,
they will want to pray,
at her Altar.

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73. The Nectar of the Happiness

Why do you have us debased, Lord,
from the Paradise of the Inferno,
on which you have built it for us,
among the ruins of the Churches of some Words,
where we have no longer retrieved us,
even if I tried,
to build for us the Cathedrals of Loves,
from the Illusions of the Life and Death
from which we have not succeeded,
to we drink the Nectar of the Happiness,
even though we were more thirsty of You,
as Never.

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74. The Diamond of the Love

No matter how much,
you would try to break my,
the Eternity of the Moment,
you will not succeed,
than then,
when you will become,
the Eternity of the Destiny,
which chose us,
to we hit us,
by the same World,
of the Suffering and Happiness,
from which to discover us,
the Diamond of the Love,
on which we should polish him,
until he will shine,
strong enough,
that to identify itself,
with the Divine Light,
of all our Existences,
Previous.

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75. At the lunch of the Destiny

The masts blackened of the Consciousness,
they lead the ship of the Knowledge, further,
braving the hurricanes,
of Illusions of the Existence,
for to reach in a port,
of the Freedom of Self,
only with the help of the Death,
which unchains all the Forces of the Incarnations,
on which they let them to graze freely,
the Grass of the Eternity,
from which the Wisdom,
she drinks the Illumination,
at the lunch of the Destiny.

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76. At the Mill of the Nothingness

We grind us,
at the Mill of the Nothingness,
the Words of the Absolute Truth,
until we no longer have,
from what to build us,
a roof,
above the head of the Lie,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
on which we are obliged to protect it,
by the Rains of the Moments,
which sometimes become torrential,
when the Time becomes angry,
on his own Age,
on which,
although it keeps it hidden,
by the Eyes, of Lead, of the World,
sometimes it manages to escape,
by melting them,
in heavy tears of Regrets,
for the Times which were wasted,
pointlessly.

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77. The Waves of the Consciousness bound at eyes

The black Wings of Darkness,
they hit with strength,
the Windows of the Universe,
open,
for Death,
and closed,
for the Life,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
on which he breathe her,
the Subconscious Stranger of the Absolute Truth,
who faces the Storms of the Defective Genes,
which often arise,
on the ocean of Illusions of the Existence,
what they cross wandering,
the Waves of the Consciousness bound at eyes,
of our Blood.

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